Vol. XXIX. OCTOBER 15, 1894. No. 20.





HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

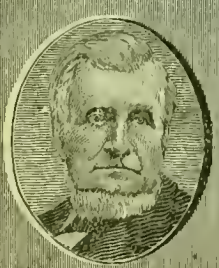
Published Semi Monthly

Designed Expressly for the

Education & Elevation

of the Young

MT. PLEASANT,
Sanpete co.
Cliff Edward 24 29



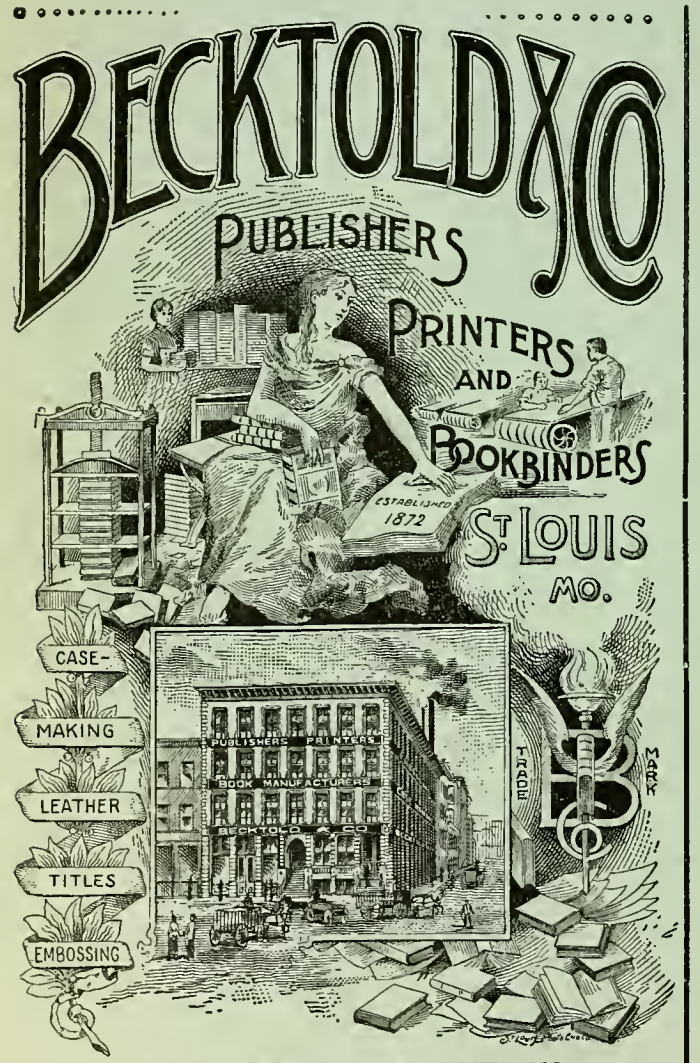


GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

VOL. XXIX. OCTOBER 15, 1894. No. 20.

CONTENTS:

ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE *(Illustrated)* 625
A FAST AND A WALK ..... *D. M. McA.* 629
AVOID TEMPTATION 633
WHAT IS LOVELINESS? 634
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS—Children Should be Warned Against Vice 635
OUTLINES OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY ..... *Lycurgus A. Wilson* 636
TOPICS OF THE TIMES—Honesty in Politics ..... *The Editor* 638
CHRISTOPHER CARSON ..... *M. J. Cummings* 640
IN LOVE WITH HIS FATHER ..... *J. B.* 644
GERMAN STUDENTS ..... *M. A. C.* 645
KEEPING UP APPEARANCES ..... *R. V. R.* 647
WISE PEOPLE 648
POACHING IN BOHEMIA—An Embarrassing Detail—A Woman's Way ..... *Flora Haines Loughead* 648
OUR LITTLE FOLKS:
THE LITTLE POST-BOY ..... *Bayard Taylor* 651
THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND ITS NEST *(Illustrated)* ..... *J. C. M.* 653
KEEP TRYING 656
INVOCATION HYMN ..... Words and Music by *W. G. Bickley* 656



200-212 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

HENRY REISER, 12 E. FIRST SOUTH STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

An Elegant Assortment at Moderate Prices.

Prompt attention given to Country Repairing Trade.

3-30

OFFICE SUPPLIES,



BLANK BOOKS,



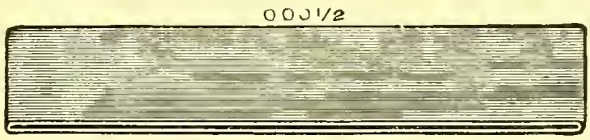


Plain and Fancy Stationery,



WEDDING CARDS,

Ball Invitations, Etc.



GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

Salt Lake City.

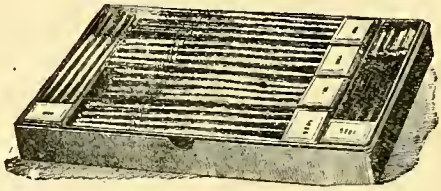
BRANCH HOUSE, A. H. CANNON, LOAN & TRUST BUILDING, OGDEN.



School Season 1894-5.



School Books and



School Stationery



WHOLESALE

—AND—

RETAIL.



George Q. Cannon & Sons Co.,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BRANCH HOUSE, A. H. CANNON, LOAN & TRUST BUILDING, OGDEN.

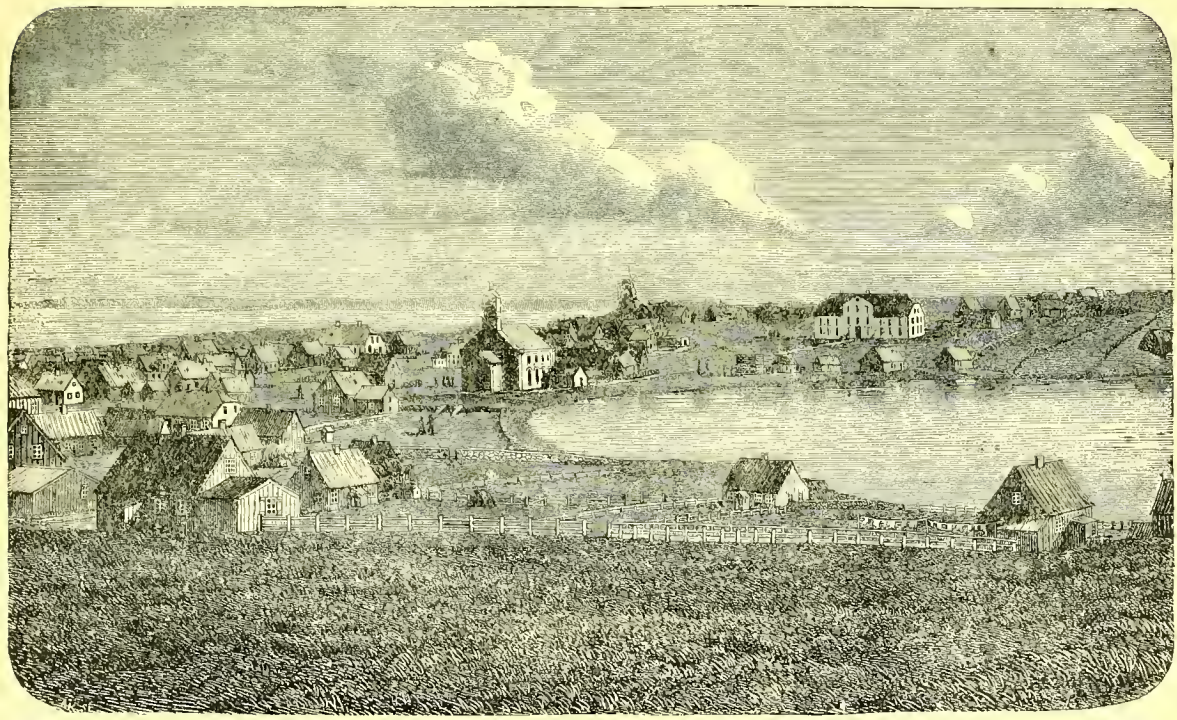
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for Young Latter Day Saints.

VOL. XXIX. SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1894. No. 20.

ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE history of that little island in the northern Atlantic, known as Iceland, possesses a charm that is peculiar. Not only is the history of its people unique, but the country itself is interesting on account of the natural characteristics it presents. Situated as it is in the far north, bordering on the Arctic Circle, the climate is extremely cold, bleak and forbidding; and one would scarcely believe that a civilized people could exist in such a place. Owing to the severe temperature but few vegetables and grasses will thrive in the soil. Grain can only be raised during favorable seasons when unusually warm summers occur; and fruits of all kinds are unknown.



REIKIAVIK, ICELAND.

The island no doubt is of volcanic

origin, and presents a very irregular, mountainous surface, the greater part of which is barren, or covered with ice-fields, or glaciers. Its coasts are indented with numerous "fiords" or arms of the sea extending inland. The whole island is subject to violent earthquakes and volcanoes, and there are numerous hot springs and geysers found in different parts of the country. Volcanic eruptions also break out from beneath the ocean surrounding the island, and the water is sometimes found to be warmed by this cause.

Except in the neighborhood of the hot springs and geysers the climate, as previously stated, is very cold. The great masses of floating ice which come down from Greenland intensify the cold considerably. Sometimes the water surrounding the island is covered with a thick layer of ice. On the northern coast the ice has been known to form to a thickness of thirty feet, and to remain solid during the whole summer.

In the northern part of Iceland, from May to September there is no night, and during the middle part of the summer the sun does not set, but appears like a dark-red ball above the horizon just as it does to us when setting during an Indian summer. Throughout the winter season the sun is seldom seen but the refracted rays give light. Besides this the moon, the snow, and the aurora borealis, or northern lights, give their aid by the reflected light they cast. Other phenomena that lend enchantment to this strange land are halos about the sun and moon, mock suns, or sun-dogs, besides the frequency of falling meteors.

The history of the first colonization of Iceland reads like a romance. Although the island had been visited occasionally by pirates and adventurers previously, it was not until the year 870 A. D. that it was selected as a place to settle permanently.

Dwelling in Norway were two cousins named Ingolf and Leif. Wars, petty quarrels, bloodshed and theft were common to the crude civilization of the country at that time; and the respective fathers of these two young men had both been compelled to leave their native province on account of murders which they had committed. There was a close friendship between the two cousins. Besides this, Leif was in love with Helga, Ingolf's sister.

Ingolf and Leif had united themselves with three other young men, the sons of a powerful noble named Atli, for the purpose of carrying on piratical expeditions. From their first excursion for plunder they returned with considerable spoils, which they divided among themselves.

The following winter the two cousins gave a feast, to which they invited, among their other friends, the three brothers with whom they had joined partnership. At this feast one of the three brothers fell in love with the fair Helga, and vowed that he would either wed her or never marry. On hearing of this declaration Leif's jealousy was aroused, and he determined that his rival should not get advantage of him. He obtained Ingolf's consent and married Helga, which of course thwarted the purpose of the other lover. In the spring the two opponents met to settle the matter by a fight, which resulted in the death of the disappointed lover. After this the two cousins set out on another plundering expedition. On their return they encountered a brother of the young man who was slain, who sought revenge;

but he, too, met a like fate, and the two free-booters found it unsafe for them to remain in their native country, as the men they slew had many friends and relatives. They procured a ship, fitted it out and set sail for the partially known island they had heard of from other pirates who had visited it.

They arrived on the shores of Iceland in 870. After spending the winter there they returned to the mother country to make final preparations for making the island their permanent home. It was not until four years later that they set foot upon the island with their families and friends, and the slaves they brought with them.

The two leaders settled in different parts of the island, and at once commenced to make themselves homes and to till the ground. Leif having only one ox to draw the plow, used his slaves for the purpose, and by harsh treatment he aroused their hatred, and they waylaid him and his friends and put them all to death. They then fled to other islands, but Ingolf pursued them thither and obtained revenge by killing them.

Ingolf and his colony were not long the sole occupants of the island. Harold Haarfager, the reigning monarch of Norway, ambitious for greater power, oppressed petty rulers by demanding heavy tribute, and many of them sought freedom in other lands. For sixty years emigrants continued to leave Norway to take up their bode in Iceland. Among those who went there were some of the bravest and noblest sons of the mother country—lovers of liberty seeking a home of peace and freedom. Besides Norwegians, there were some Danes and Swedes, as well as a few from the British Isles, among the early settlers of this island.

At the time of the colonization of Iceland Christianity had comparatively few adherents in Scandinavia, and yet there were some converts to the newly introduced religion among the pioneer settlers in Iceland. It was not until the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century of the Christian era that Christianity was accepted generally. Previous to this time the colonists had practiced the heathenish rites of the religion prevailing in the northern countries of Europe, many of which were barbarous in the extreme.

What is most remarkable connected with the history of Iceland during the three or four centuries succeeding the acceptance of Christianity, was the widespread love for and cultivation of literature. While learning was at a very low ebb in other parts of Europe, these isolated islanders were highly cultivated and enjoying an independence and freedom in their little republic. They were very particular in preserving a record of their ancestry and a history of events that transpired among themselves as well as what they could learn of the happenings in the outside world. Besides this their literature abounded with poetry and fiction. Even before the Roman characters used for writing were introduced among them they had characters, known as runes, by which they were enabled to preserve their records.

During the last five hundred years Iceland has passed through many political as well as social changes. It has lost its independence, and its literary spirit has passed away. Famine and disease have swept over the land at different times, carrying off great numbers of the inhabitants. In some instances as much as one-third of the entire population have succumbed to the

prevailing epidemic. Space will not permit of a detailed history of this wonderful island; we will therefore pass on to the consideration of the present aspect of the inhabitants, and their mode of life.

The Icelanders resemble in appearance the natives of Scandinavia. Generally they are of light complexion, medium size; of feeble constitution, it is said, on account of the poor quality of their food. They are noted for their industry, fidelity, truthfulness, morality and hospitality. Bleak and barren as is their country they love their home dearly, and are contented.

Although there are but few schools, and they are of recent introduction, the people are as a rule well educated, and there are very few who are unable to read and write. Children are taught the common branches of education at home by their parents—a custom which has been in vogue among this people for centuries. It is customary also for the clergy to visit each family several times each year and inquire about the progress the children are making in their studies. Another peculiarity that encourages education is the fact that the bishop as well as the inferior clergy have the power to prohibit a young lady from getting married if she is unable to read.

The various trades and occupations are not carried on separately to any great extent among this rural people. The members of each household do their own work. In winter the men employ themselves in looking after their cattle and horses, making ropes, horseshoes and other needful articles, repairing tools, etc. The boys employ themselves removing the snow from the pastures where the sheep are turned out during the day to pick what grass they can find. The women and girls prepare the food, knit stockings and mittens, make and repair the clothing and attend to the general housework. In the evening the whole family surround the lamp in one room, and men as well as women engage in knitting, sewing, or preparing hides for making shoes or fishing clothes. One of the family is selected to read a book—some history or other publication—while the others are at work. As a variation remarks and comments are made upon the matter read, or the children are questioned upon educational subjects. As books are scarce there are historians who gain a livelihood by visiting families and relating the history of their country.

They have a few games with which they amuse themselves, such as chess and checkers. Music is not cultivated among them to the extent that it is in the countries from which their ancestors came.

The occupations of the people are quite different in the summer to what they are in winter. As early as the season will permit the men from all parts of the island gather on the southern and western shores, which are the first to be free from ice, to engage in fishing. Fish is a staple article of food with them, as well as a product for export, and unless they are industrious in pursuit of the finny tribe their families will likely suffer. The fishermen have clothing well suited to their occupation, it being made of leather, rubbed thoroughly with oil, which makes it waterproof and capable of resisting the cold. The numerous "fiords," or bays, found on all sides of the island afford protection to the fishermen from the rough waters of the open sea; and it is these that usually form their fishing grounds. The mode of catching fish is

to go out in small boats with hooks and lines. It is customary among this humble people to offer up a prayer for success previous to starting out each day on a fishing trip. As the fish are caught they are spread out on the shore to dry. No part of the fish is wasted, even the bones are saved for fuel, or else boiled until they are soft and fed to the cattle.

Other summer occupations of the males is the preparing of turf for fuel, and the cutting of the grass for winter use. While this work is being done by the men the women take care of the cows and also help in gathering the hay. Before the winter sets in again the sheep, which during the summer are turned out to find their own food on the mountains, have to be gathered home. They do not shear their sheep, as the cold would cause suffering to the animals, after this process, so they pull the loose wool from their backs and leave the balance.

Another task the Icelander has to perform is to carry what fish he has to spare to market, which may be a considerable distance from his home. At the market-place he exchanges what he has to dispose of for other articles he may need, and which are imported from other countries. As but little if any grain is raised in Iceland, most grain products the people use are brought there from other places. The same is true of most all other vegetable products.

The gathering of moss, with which to feed their cattle, is an industry carried on by the women.

At a certain season a large number of women, accompanied by a few men for protection, will go in a body, with horses and tents, to gather this substance. They will go from twenty to thirty miles from the inhabited districts, and move about from place to place among the rocks where the moss is found. These excursions occupy several days, and are looked forward to with great pleasure, as on such trips a good deal of social enjoyment is had in talking over experiences and happenings around the camp-fires of an evening when they are all together.

The homes of the Icelanders are generally small; the houses usually being but one story high, and often having only one or two rooms.

The capital and principal town of the island is Reikiavik, a view of which is shown in the accompanying picture. This town is built on the site selected as a residence by Ingolf, the first colonist on the island. It contains a few public buildings, a church, a public library, the homes of the governor, the bishop and other officials. It is also the seat of the supreme court of justice, the Royal Icelandic Society and a Bible Society. Most of the dwelling-houses are built of wood and in the Norwegian style. An annual fair is held here in midsummer, at which time the people from different parts of the island come to exchange their products—fish, oil, tallow, butter and furs—for iron, linen and cotton cloth, coffee and other articles considered as luxuries.

A FAST AND A WALK.

Now, don't misunderstand the heading of this article: it is not a fast walk that I mean to tell about, but a little adventure that compelled me to go without food an undesirable number of hours, and wearily trudge a good many miles at the same time.

To begin, when about fourteen years

of age I was apprenticed to learn the upholstery trade, with a large firm in Glasgow, Scotland. The establishment also manufactured household furniture, and in that department a number of young women were employed as "polishers." Occasionally orders were received which required some of them to go to the country residences of wealthy gentlemen for the purpose of re-polishing furniture.

It was the custom for all hands engaged in the shops to go to work at six o'clock in the morning, and after working about three hours have an opportunity to eat breakfast. After I had been about eighteen months in this establishment, I went one morning as usual at six o'clock, and had just put on a white canvas apron, preparatory to commencing the day's work, when the foreman hurriedly called me to come and assist one of the female polishers in carrying a quantity of bottles and packages of material down to the steamer, which was to convey her to Dumbarton, twenty miles west, down the river Clyde. Quickly tucking my apron around me, I picked up the articles and followed the young woman, who was hastening to catch the steamer. I found that she also had all she could carry, as it was likely she would be absent for several weeks.

When we arrived at the steamer she insisted upon me accompanying her to Dumbarton, stating that after arriving there she had to take a conveyance and go about six miles further west, and that she would need my help in carrying the bundles from the steamer to the vehicle, informing me that the foreman had said I might do so if she thought it advisable.

The trip was made accordingly, and about nine a.m. she and the numerous packages were duly crowded into an open carriage, and I was just thinking it would be two or three hours before I could reach Glasgow and get breakfast, when, to my surprise, the driver said I would have to go with them, because he would have to leave her some distance from the mansion, and my help would be again needed to carry the bundles. Holidays did not often come in my experience, and here was one unexpectedly given, including a sight of the sea, green fields, wooded hills, and many other pleasant things that, as resident of a big city, I seldom enjoyed; also, there was the likelihood of a good breakfast to be secured at the fine house where we were going, so on we went contentedly, though hungry.

Sure enough, we found it quite a distance from the highway to the house, but it was an agreeable walk, along an avenue of grand old trees, and when we arrived and the young woman, with her assortment of bottles and packages, had been taken to the room alotted to her, I was ushered into the kitchen to get my longed-for breakfast. It was then about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, as you can readily understand, I had an unusually good appetite, but the cook did not seem to appreciate that fact, as she placed before me a rather limited supply of bread and a dish containing the remnants of some herrings that had been baked in spiced vinegar. However, I was hungry, and ate all I could of the rather unpalatable food.

After this disappointing meal, having previously received a sixpence (twelve cents) to pay my return fare on the steamer, I started to walk the intervening six or seven miles from the gentleman's residence to Dumbarton. I had not gone a mile when it became evi-

dent that my late breakfast was not an agreeable one; my stomach seemed to have a decided objection to spiced herrings, and very soon they and the accompanying bread were ejected, and I was more hungry than before I had eaten.

After a walk of about two hours, I arrived on the wharf at Dumbarton, earnestly trusting that a steamer would soon make its appearance, by which I might return home. I had no money except the six pence with which to pay my fare, consequently could not purchase anything to eat. On inquiry I was told that the Glasgow boat was expected in a short time. When it came, and was preparing to depart again, I stepped on board, and soon was gazing at the grand old castle of Dumbarton, as we steamed past its battlemented crags at the mouth of the harbor. After we had gone some distance out, I began to wonder why the steamer was not heading eastward in the direction of Glasgow. Presently the purser came around collecting the fares, and I asked why the vessel was not turning towards Glasgow. He almost paralyzed me by answering that we were going to Greenock first, and that if I wanted to go to Glasgow I would have to pay the additional fare. It was then manifest that I had been misled by my informant on the Dumbarton wharf as to the steamer going to Glasgow. My consternation may be imagined when I tell you that Greenock, to which we were hastening was about ten miles further from home, or about thirty miles in all.

When I informed the captain of the vessel about my predicament I received no sympathy, but was curtly told that he could not help me out of the difficulty.

Some time in the afternoon I was landed at the Greenock wharf, a busy place, where many steamers called on the way to Glasgow.

I remembered that a relative was employed on one of those boats, and as each tied up at the quay to unload and receive passengers, I went on board and inquired for him. But I did not find him, neither could I persuade any of the officers to take me to Glasgow, although I offered to give my jacket in security for payment of fare. The afternoon and evening were spent in these fruitless efforts, and all the time hunger was increasing. The apron strings got very loose around my waist, and several times I tied them extra tight in a vain endeavor to quiet the gnawing sensation in my stomach.

About nine o'clock at night there seemed to be no more steamers going to Glasgow, so I concluded there was no alternative but to walk all the way home—thirty miles; rather a dreary prospect for a boy hungry and tired as I was. Perhaps I should mention a very unusual thing that happened that afternoon and evening in Greenock, that is, the weather was fine. That neighborhood has the reputation of enjoying (?) an almost perpetual fall of rain every day, all the year round; but fortunately none fell during the hours I wearily loitered on the wharf; if it had, I presume my cup of misery would have overflowed.

Well, I started on the road to Glasgow, and was favored with a clear sky. In that north country the nights are comparatively short at that time of year (I believe it was early in September,) and it did not get dark until towards midnight. The moon and stars shone brightly, the air was cool and bracing, and, in spite of weariness and hunger,

I seemed to walk with some degree of vigor. My determination to make the effort had the needed effect of rousing my drooping spirits, and I trudged along almost merrily, whistling or singing occasionally.

As the night advanced the country road became deserted and I was alone. The stillness produced within me a feeling of solemnity but not of fear. The long fast I had undergone resulted not only in emptying my stomach but it also cleared my brain and my mental faculties became unusually active. I began to think upon a subject that had for some time past given me a good deal of concern. My mother had been for a number of years a member of the Mormon Church and father was a bitter antagonist of that religion and people. My sympathies were with mother for many reasons that I need not state, and I had from earliest recollection accompanied her to meetings and greatly enjoyed the old-time experiences of the Saints, in which the gifts of the Gospel were frequently manifested, many speaking in tongues, and all filled with enthusiasm for the cause they had espoused, and anxiety to gather to Zion.

But for about two years previous to the time of this adventure I am now relating, I had been rather irregular in attendance at Mormon meetings. I had become associated with Sunday Schools of other denominations and was a singer for some time in a Unitarian Church choir. The prevailing ideas of sectarians regarding the alleged wickedness of the Mormons in Utah had taken hold of my mind, and for a few months I had been trying to convince my mother that she should withdraw from the society of that people who were "everywhere spoken against." She used to listen quietly to my quoted charges against the Utah Mormons, then would tell me that those statements were falsehoods, manufactured by their enemies, and advised me to study the doctrines of the Church, and pay no attention to such evil reports.

However, it seemed to me that what everybody said must be true, although I knew, of course, that my mother was a good woman, and the others of the same faith with whom I was acquainted in Glasgow, were all worthy people, still it appeared probable that the stories told about the terrible doings of the Utah Mormons must be facts, else all the newspapers, and ministers of other churches, would not say so. By suggestion of my mother, I had interviews with some of the Elders, and they always forced me to the conclusion that Mormon doctrines agreed with the Bible; but concerning the people of Utah, there was only the testimony of a few interested, as I supposed, against the whole world. And now, as I walked the lonely road, this subject came uppermost in my thoughts, and, as I have already said, my mind was, apparently, more clear than usual.

Looking upwards at the twinkling stars, deeply impressed by the strange circumstances then surrounding me on this lovely night, about the hour when all nature appeared to be at rest and my fellow-creatures asleep, involuntarily my soul was drawn out in earnest prayer, as never before, and I silently pled with God to make known unto me what I should do to gain His favor and eternal life. I will not attempt to tell the many desires that were expressed as I tramped along that lonesome road. My heart was full of solemn supplication, and, as mile after mile was passed, while thus engaged there

gradually developed in my mind a firm conviction that I ought to yield obedience to the Gospel as taught by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in spite of the bad reputation that the Utah members of that Church bore in the world. I was led to remember that the Saint in former days had a bad reputation, and that the Savior was crucified because of the lies that were told about Him.

When I, at last, decided that I would, as soon as possible, apply for the privilege of baptism, a deep feeling of satisfaction rested upon me, a peaceful influence plainly indicating that in making this resolution I was doing right. It would take too long to describe my feelings, or tell the thoughts that crowded my mind that long night of fasting and prayer. The impressions then made have been enduring, and I regard that experience as among the most important and valuable of my lifetime. I arrived home about five o'clock in the morning, completely exhausted, faint with hunger, feet blistered and bleeding, and had to rest the next twenty-four hours before I could go to work again.

A few weeks after, on the 25th of October, 1857, I was baptized in the river Clyde, very early on a Sunday morning. The heavenly joy experienced when I came out of the water was a testimony to me that I had done right. That same day I was confirmed, and the Holy Ghost was imparted unto me, by the power of which I have ever since been enabled to declare that I know the Church of God is established upon the earth, and that He acknowledges the Latter-day Saints as His people.

The incident I have thus related has given me a high appreciation of the value of fasting and prayer, even though the fasting was not voluntary in this case. I feel sure that if I had had plenty to eat while compelled to make the prolonged walk as described, my mind would not have been so clear, and, in all probability, I would not have thought about those important matters that finally resulted in me becoming a Mormon.

D. M. McA.

AVOID TEMPTATION.

It frequently happens that children do wrong because of temptation being placed in their way. When things which they desire are repeatedly placed before them, and the opportunity seems good for taking what they want without discovery, many are apt to yield to the inclination, not from any special inclination to do wrong, but merely to gratify the momentary wish. Being undiscovered in a few thefts, the habit is likely to become fixed, unless thorough and careful means are adopted to check the evil.

Parents and others having children in charge cannot be too careful of their treatment of the little ones, to help them keep out of the way of wrong doing until their characters are formed, and the principles of right and truth are firmly fixed. An incident is related by a lady in New York which illustrates this principle. It is herewith given in order to impress the great lesson of care which older people should exercise for those with whom they associate, and especially with the little innocents who begin their course of wrong doing without a full knowledge of the results which flow therefrom:

A wealthy New York lady discovered

a short time since that her maid was in the habit of extracting sums from her bureau drawer in small amounts, from fifty cents up to ten dollars. In drawing money from the bank she was in the habit of placing several hundred dollars at a time, in gold, and silver and small bills, in a box in her bureau for small incidental expenses, and to this minor fund her maid had free access.

She was a colored woman, very much attached to her mistress, sincerely so, as had been tested a hundred times, for she had traveled all over the world with her.

The discovery, when she first made it, shocked the lady so that it almost made her ill. She determined, however, to test the matter thoroughly. She placed marked silver and bills in the usual receptacle, and soon had her suspicions abundantly confirmed. She hardly knew what to do.

The woman had had the care for years of quantities of expensive jewelry, laces and the like, and nothing had ever been missed. She spoke with her, not accusingly, but kindly, asking her what motive had induced her to deceive her.

The woman wept bitterly, and admitted everything. She said it was simply the continued opportunity, and her mistress' inattention to the money taken out or remaining in her purse, which made it possible to extract small amounts without fear of detection.

The first money she took was to buy some oranges or some postage stamps, she could not remember which, and that not being missed, nor other trifling sums, emboldened her to take larger ones, until she got the habit of indulging whims for this, that and the other out of her lady's money.

The lady, after administering a sound moral lecture, concluded not to send her away, but to keep the pocket-book in her own possession, and thus withdraw temptation to dishonesty. *H.*

WHAT IS LOVELINESS?

It is not in pearl powder, nor in golden hair dye, nor in jewelry. It cannot be got in a bottle or a box. It is pleasant to be handsome; but all beauty is not prettiness. There is a higher beauty that makes us love people tenderly. Eyes, nose, hair or skin, never did that yet; though it is pleasing to see fine features. What you are will make your face ever for you in the end, whether nature has made it plain or pretty. Good people are never ill-looking. Whatever their faces may be, an amiable expression atones for all. If they can be cheerful also, no one will love them the less because their features are not regular, or because they are too fat, or too thin, too pale, or too dark.

Cultivation of the mind adds another charm to their faces, and, on the whole, if any girl is desirous of being liked by the many and loved by the one, it is more in her power than she may believe to accomplish that object. Cosmetics will not accomplish it, however. Neither will fine dress; though a woman who does not dress becomingly wrongs herself. Forced smiles and affected amiability will be of no avail; but if she can manage to feel kindly to everybody, not to be jealous, not to be cross, to be happy, if possible, and to encourage contentment, then something will come into her face that will outlast youth's roses, and gain her not only a husband but a life-long lover.

. . THE . .
Juvenile Instructor
GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Children Should be Warned Against Vice.

"VICE is a creature of such hideous mein,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar grows its face—
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This is a great truth embodied in verse by a famous poet. It is a truth that should be pondered upon by the Latter-day Saints; and it should be taught to our children in such a manner as never to be forgotten by them.

Within the past week certain information on the subject of vice has come to the Editor's knowledge that has made a startling impression upon him, as it must have done upon all who have heard it. We are told by persons who are supposed to know, and who say they do know, that there is a condition of morals among many young people of both sexes, which parents themselves are not aware of. Confessions have been made to women of the medical profession by persons of their own sex revealing practices which, if known, would create consternation in the minds of parents; and there are done in secret many things of a character to shock those who have high hopes concerning the virtue and chastity of the rising generation of this Territory. Of course some allowance should be made for exaggeration on the part of people who are sensitive respecting the purity of the young; but after making proper deduction for all this, there is reason to believe that many things are practiced in secret among the young that should call forth from parents, guardians and teachers the utmost corrective efforts of which they are capable.

Our public schools, in fact schools of all kinds, are places where children learn from their companions many things whose tendency is towards evil. One bad boy or bad girl, if allowed to associate freely with children who are not put upon their guard, will corrupt a large circle; and where a number of children are gathered together as is the case in public schools, it is very unusual if there is not at least one, if not more, who is precocious in sin and in the knowledge of evil. There is a fascination in secret knowledge which some boys, and girls too, desire to communicate to others. The young and innocent listen to such talk because new ideas are conveyed to them; and without knowing the peril, they are led along almost unconsciously to say and very probably to do things in secret which, in their purity they recoil from and which if they were properly talked to and watched over they would resist and shun.

Children have no experience. They do not realize the dangers that they incur by bad associations. They have but a faint idea, if indeed any at all, of the awful consequences of the thoughts and acts we have hinted at. They need the help of their parents and teachers to put them upon their guard against evil and to show them the dangers that surround them. And herein is a grave responsibility upon fathers and mothers which we wish we could believe was fully discharged. Addressing a few inquiries to parents, let us ask:

Fathers, do you converse with your sons and invite their confidence, so as to draw forth their feelings to the extent that will lay bare to you their lives

and all their associations, and relate to you the conversations which they hold with their intimate associates? If you do not, then you fail in your duty; for it is the right of every father, and it should be his aim, to establish such friendly relations with his boys that they will tell him with entire confidence everything connected with their conduct in secret as well as in public.

Mothers, do you talk freely and confidentially with your daughters, bringing them up in the feeling that you are their best friends, and that they should conceal nothing from you? Do you have their confidence to the extent that they will talk to you as candidly and as unreservedly as they would with their most intimate companions? If you do not, you are not in a position to give them the warning and throw around them the safeguards which their inexperience requires.

The relations between children and their parents should be such that the latter will always be looked upon as the best and dearest friends, from whom there can be nothing to conceal. This intimacy can only be secured by parents' commencing with their offspring in childhood's days, talking freely with them and at the same time in a delicate manner. To mothers especially is this opportunity given, and they should take advantage of it with all their children. It is the only course if they wish to preserve them clean and pure and free from being soiled through contact with the vicious. The matters we have referred to are serious and important in the highest degree, and we cannot impress them too strongly upon the fathers and mothers in Israel.

As to the boys and girls we say, never listen to anything that boys or girls may say to you which you would not wish your parents to hear. Never do anything that you would be afraid for your parents to know.

OUTLINES OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by Elder B. H. Roberts having become a favorite text book in many of our Sunday Schools, the following arrangement of the matter of that work may be of use to the teachers, and is respectfully submitted:

COURSE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDIES.

Theological Grade.

FIRST TERM:

Regular Studies: "Establishment of the Church," Roberts' Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, Part I.

Lesson 1. The Announcement and Birth of Christ and Death of Herod; Section I., 1-10.
" 2. State of the Religious World at the Birth of the Savior; Sec. II., 1-8.
" 3. Political Condition of the World and Religious Status of the Jews; Sec. II., 9-22.
" 4. Childhood and Youth of Jesus and Martyrdom of John the Baptist; Sec. III, 1-13.
" 5 The Temptations of The Savior, His Doctrines and Ministry; Sec. IV., 1-12.
" 6. Religious Jealousy of the Jews: Trial, Crucifixion and Burial of Christ; Sec. V., 1-16.
" 7. Resurrection and Ascension of Christ, and His Ministry in America; Sec. VI., 1-16.
" 8. The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles Refilled and the Gospel Taken to the Gentiles; Sec. VII., 1-22.
" 9. The Mission of Jesus Christ as Providing for General Salvation; Sec. VIII., 1-9.
" 10. Conditions of Individual Salvation and the Organization of the Church; Sec. VIII., 10-31

SECOND TERM:

Regualr Studies: "The Apostasy," Roberts' Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, Part II.

Lesson 11. The Persecutions of the Christians by the Jews and by the Romans; Sec. I., 1-15.
" 12. A Sketch of the Persecutions by the Romans till the time of Constantine; Sec. II., 1-12.
" 13. Constantine and the Progress of the Church under his Patronage; Sec. II., 13-18.

" 14. Changes Wrought in the Ordinances of the Gospel; Sec. III., 1-17.
" 15. Alterations made in the Organization of the Church; Sec. IV. 1-13.
" 16. Pre-eminence of the Bishops of Rome and the Rise of the Temporal Power of the Pope; Sec, IV, 14-34.
" 17. The Object of Worship Changed by Admixture of Truth and Pagan Philosophy; Sec. V., 1-21.
" 18. Manner of Uniting Discordant Elements in Philosophy and Religion; Sec. V., 22-35.
" 19. Decadence of Morality in the Lives of Professing Christians; Sec. VI., 1-18.
" 20. The Apostasy Consummated in the Old World and among the Nephites; Sec. VII-VIII., 1-11, 1-9.

THIRD TERM:

Regular Studies: "The Reformation" and "The Restoration," Roberts' Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, Parts III and IV.

Lesson 21. Growth of Liberty, Sale of Indulgences and the Discussion on "Free Will;" Sec. I., 1-18.
" 22. Luther Condemned and Excommunicated, Religious Liberty Secured; Sec I., 19-42
" 23. Controversy of Protestants and Catholics on the Question of Grace; Sec. II., 1-15
" 24. The Growth of Luther's Rebellion and the Multiplication of Sects; Sec. III., 1-15.
" 25. The Revolution in Switzerland, France, Sweden, Denmark and Holland; Sec. IV., 1-13.
" 26. Progress of Protestantism in England, Scotland and the New World; Sec. IV., 14-27
" 27. Religious Agitation in the New World and Joseph Smith's First Vision, Part IV.; Sec. I, 1-14.
" 28. Visits of the Angel Moroni and the Book of Mormon Published; Sec. I., 15-28.
" 29. Priesthood Restored and the Organization of the Church of Christ Revealed; Sec. II., 1-10.
" 30 Commencement of Public Ministry with Signs Following; Sec. II., 11 17.

FOURTH TERM:

Regular Studies: "The Restoration of the Gospel," Roberts' Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, Part IV.

Lesson 31. Missionary Labors, the Gathering, the Location of Zion, and the Law of Consecration; Sec. III., 1-12.
" 32. Expulsion from Jackson County, Zion's Camp and Organizations of the Priesthood, Sec. IV, 1-16.
" 33 The Various Grades of the Priesthood and the Duties and Powers of Each; Sec. V., 1-16.
" 34. Territorial Divisions of the Church with Helps in Government; Sec. V., 17-27
" 35 Dedication of the Kirtland Temple and the Restoration of Keys Therein; Sec. VI., 1-7.
" 36. Gathering of Israel from Among all Nations and Return of the Ten Tribes; Sec. VII. 1 24.
" 37. Vicarious Work for the Dead and the Different Degrees of Glory; Sec. VIII., 1-23.
" 38. Removal from Kirtland, the Founding of Far West and the Rise of Nauvoo; Sec. IX., 1-8.
" 39. The Martyrdom, the Succession, and the Founding of Utah; Sec. X., 1-13.
" 40. Enactments of Congress against Polygamy, and Subsequent History; Sec. X., 14-22.

SUGGESTIONS:

Upon the assembling of the class, and while the roll is being marked by one of the pupils, the teacher should briefly review the previous lesson, giving the class a connected summary of the points therein, calculated to develop a testimony of the truth of the Gospel.

At the close of the review, the subject of the lesson of the day should be outlined and its importance pointed out.

In the next step the students learn to do by doing, for, taking their places in front of the class, in the order in which their names appear upon the roll, pupils should now, according to previous appointment, deliver in their own language, if possible, the subject matter of each topic of the lesson, as also of the notes at the end of the section.

Whether one pupil should take the topic to speak on, and another the note or notes thereon, should be a question with the teacher, but as many students as possible should have parts to perform. Accordingly, a number of scripture texts, bearing upon the subject of the lesson, may be written on slips of paper and distributed among those pupils not having appointments to address the class.

Upon receiving one of these slips

each pupil should commit the text to memory and when called upon the following Sunday, quote the passage and explain its application to the topic or note under discussion.

At the conclusion of the lectures, and after the texts have been disposed of, the questions at the end of each section, as well as such other questions or considerations as careful preparation may suggest to the teacher, should be submitted to the class.

After the day's recitation is over, a short time should be spent by the teacher in outlining the lesson of the following Sunday. Besides arousing an interest in the coming lesson, the teacher should in this brief talk, give to the students instructions on their duties as the Normal students of the school.

Throughout the entire exercise, the preparation of the teacher will determine the interest of the pupils.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Honesty in Politics.

Our people are gaining an experience in political affairs that it is to be hoped will prove profitable to them. On account of the novelty of the situation and the lack of familiarity with party methods, much allowance has been made in the past political campaigns, for a great deal of the unpleasantness that has been witnessed; and it has been hoped that as the people became accustomed to contests of this character, they would be conducted with greater propriety and less of a disposition to indulge in personalities. Though I have had no opportunity of judging I am told that there has been an improvement in this respect in the campaign now in progress. Yet there remains much to be desired.

There is no reason for men's giving way to a spirit of misrepresentation, much less of falsehood. People may differ, as they do, in their views concerning governmental policy and the best methods to be used in carrying on governmental affairs. There is plenty of room for differences on these points, especially if men are disposed to cultivate them. A great variety of opinions prevails in every nation as to the best policy to be pursued for the success of the nation, and for the welfare of the people. In the absence of direct revelation from the Lord this is sure to be the case, because there is no authoritative source from which to derive that unerring counsel or direction without which men cannot be united. But after all this is conceded, there remains no necessity for quarreling, or vilification, or the misconstruing of motives, or the abuse of persons or communities. Particularly is this the case with the Latter-day Saints. They are naturally an honest and a truth-loving people. They may for a while be misled by political tricks and low methods; but after they become accustomed to this business and think calmly for themselves, they will be disgusted at misrepresentation, at political chicanery, and everything that savors of untruth. If there is any characteristic that they possess which particularly distinguishes them, it is their love for the truth and their admiration for honest, honorable, straightforward methods in all the relations of life. It cannot fail to be so in regard to political matters. Any party that thinks it can win, and win permanently among the people of Utah by resorting to the dishonorable political arts that

are too frequently practiced elsewhere, will find that it has made a grand mistake; for my judgment is very much at fault if the peope of Utah do not revolt in their feelings against such practices. Indeed, a policy of this kind is unfortunate and disastrous in any fair-minded community; whenever men descend to a low level they invariably injure their own cause. I feel sure that, among the Latter-day Saints especially, such a method of conducting campaigns will not result in good; the individual or the party that adopts it will lose influence. In the days of our experience in such matters this may not be so apparent, for it is a new thing among us to have political contests on party lines; but it will not take long for the novelty of this to wear off, and there is every reason to believe that, when it does, better results will be realized.

I have already said that much remains to be desired by way of correction of evils of the character referred to that have made their appearance among us. Personally, I have been pained beyond expression at the manner in which some of our brethren have been assailed by public speakers, and I have been told, by public prints. As to the latter, one great cause, in my opinion, of there being so much of this reprehensible kind of campaigning, is due to newspapers which make politics their chief topic. The press can give tone to campaigns; it can by its influence raise them to an elevated plane. On the other hand, it can drag them down into the mire. Speaking for myself, I am determined not to allow political literature of an abusive or slanderous character to enter into my family. I do not want my children to have their respect for public men lowered by its perusal. I do not want them to get the idea that such language is proper or that it can be indulged in with impunity. It makes no difference what the name of the party that issues such literature, or how reputable the names of the authors and publishers. It is the duty of all parents in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to train their children to entertain respect and reverence for that Priesthood which God in His infinite mercy has once more bestowed upon man; and children should not be permitted to read anything that will lessen the dignity of that Priesthood or bring it into contempt.

I do not read partisan publications of this sort myself, but I hear enough to satisfy me that men of honored reputations and spotless lives, and who are the noblest of their kind, are attacked with a freedom that is simply shameful. Only today I heard that one of our prominent Elders in a political speech was reported as having assailed the remarks of another prominent man, and that in ridiculing them so that his audience was convulsed with laughter; his effort was highly applauded by his party paper. This statement may not be altogether true; I hope it is not. But enough has come to my knowledge to satisfy me that there is much truth in the assertions made concerning the way in which different men are assailed, and this, too, by their brethren who are under covenant not to speak evil of the Lord's anointed. If this were to continue, what would be the end?

It may be said that when a man who stands in a high position goes on to the public platform he must expect to be criticised and have his views held up and assailed before the people by his political opponents. But does it

follow that men's views cannot be criticised without the men themselves being made to appear ridiculous? If a man sets forth views which he entertains, so long as he does not wilfully misrepresent or utter deliberate falsehoods, he is entitled to the liberty of free speech; and if a political opponent chooses to contradict them or to argue against them, can he not do so without convulsing his audience with laughter at the expense of the man who uttered them? It may be that others will differ with me when I say I do not think a man can, without grieving the Spirit of God, take liberties in politics that he cannot take in arguing other questions. I believe it is as necessary that the Spirit of God should move men in their utterances upon political questions and in the treatment of their political opponents as it should in any of the other relations of life. Hence there can be no mistake, I think, in entertaining the hope and anticipation that politics will yet be lifted to a very high plane in Utah Territory. There is every ground for entertaining such a hope. The people would belie their present character if this were not so. It is attested by the abundant evidences which are to be seen everywhere of the high-toned views which they entertain concerning all other matters in which they are engaged. Certainly they are not going to abandon their former views and feelings and become alien to these on the question of politics. It is no vain anticipation to believe that there is a great destiny in store for the Latter-day Saints in the affairs of government, in its management, in the purification of official life, in fact, in every department of government—executive, judicial, legislative. If it shall not be the case, then many of us who have spent our lives in laboring to bring about a better state of things among mankind will be woefully disappointed. But we shall not be. Of this I cannot entertain a doubt. It may take time, however, to instruct, to chasten, and to give shape to plans in this direction.

Meantime, I sincerely trust that the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, especially the rising generation, will not fall into such excesses of partisanship or peruse such literature as I have alluded to. Let the newspapers be taught to keep within proper bounds, and let everyone who undertakes to discuss politics learn that there are rules of propriety which cannot be violated with impunity in this Territory. The people will not submit to that which they know to be wrong, nor to have that wrong forced upon them and upon their households. This is a lesson we all should learn; when it is learned, it will be of benefit to the entire people.

The Editor.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON was born in Madison County, Kentucky, December 24, 1809, and while "Kit" was still an infant, his parents removed with him to the then frontier of Missouri. At an early age it was projected for him to learn a trade, but after a little time he found the routine of his labor too monotonous to be endured by such an adventurous spirit as was awakening to life in his breast.

Historians differ somewhat as to the exact date when he entered upon his wild life upon the plains, some setting the age of seventeen, others affirming that when he was only fifteen he joined a trading party bound for Santa Fe. From thence he pursued his daring

way into the lower Mexican provinces, where his untamed nature found ample food in wild exploits and daring adventures. For some time he was employed as teamster in the copper mines of Chihuahua. His trapper life began in the regions of the Rio Colorado, California. After encountering untold perils, hardships and "hair-breadth" escapes, he returned to Taos, New Mexico, and joined himself to a trapping party bound for the head-waters of the Arkansas. Here among the wild mountains that lift their ribbed and ragged backs about the head-waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, he spent eight years of his eventful life. Trapping was then a flourishing and lucrative business, but the class of men engaged in this pursuit exhibited marked and striking traits of character. As they mingled with nature in her original and untamed state, made her wild rivers and grand mountains their companions, as it were encountering at every point the fierce, brave and stealthy savage, subject to storms, to cold and heat, to privations and suffering of every form, noble energies and heroic self-sacrifice were developed within the rough and dauntless breasts. Carson became pre eminent in these characteristics, and was soon famous as a successful trapper, unerring marksman, and most reliable guide.

In many a daring conflict with hostile Indians he fearlessly led the van and came off victorious, just one time in all his life receiving a bullet wound. This was in the shoulder, during a skirmish with the murderous Blackfeet tribe.

Colonel J. C. Fremont, who found Carson of inestimable value to him during his western explorations, pays tribute to the brave guide's worthiness. In a letter written in 1847, he says: "With me, Carson and truth mean the same thing. He is always the same—gallant and useful. He is kind-hearted and dislikes quarrels and turbulent scenes." Only one particular instance of his being drawn into a broil is recorded.

Happening to find himself at one time in a "rendezvous" of hunters, trappers and traders—a mixed and motley company of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Canadian and Western backwoodmen—he heard the boasting of a foreigner until he had said that Americans were dogs and only fit to be whipped with switches, and insolently affirmed that he had, or could, whip any one of them. Carson stepped out of the crowd, his grey eyes flashing fire.

"I am an American, the most trifling one among them, but"— and he leaped upon his horse. It was a challenge. With leveled, loaded pistols they dashed upon each other. The reports were almost simultaneous. The Frenchman's ball grazed Carson's cheek near the left eye, cutting off some stray wisps of hair; his shot entered the braggart's hand, came out at the wrist and then went through the arm above the elbow. The offender immediately cried for quarter, and Carson spared him.

After his eight years of journeying about the head-waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, he took the post of hunter to Bent's Fort, in the new Territory of Colorado. It was about this time that Fremont met him and secured his services as guide on the Rocky Mountains.

In 1847, Carson was sent to Washington as a bearer of dispatches, and was appointed Lieutenant of the Rifle

Corps of the Army. Several years later he undertook the exploit of driving 6,500 sheep across the mountains into California. He succeeded in his undertaking, and on his return to Taos was appointed Indian Agent of New Mexico.

While agent in New Mexico, he visited Washington with a deputation of red men for the purpose of making a treaty with the United States, and with his "unwashed heathen" he made a tour of several of the eastern and northern cities.

Although Carson had but little education, he was a man of wonderful natural abilities, speaking French and Spanish fluently, besides several of the Indian tongues. All the difficult and responsible tasks entrusted to him, he safely and expeditiously carried through, to the entire satisfaction of his patrons.

Perhaps no other man acquired so much practical knowledge of the rivers, plains and mountains of the Great West, as Christopher Carson. He had hunted, scouted and trapped all over the Western Territory, understood more of the wily Indian nature, fought more hand-to-hand battles with them, and had more miraculous escapes from imminent perils than any other borderer of whom today there stands authentic record.

As a scout he was unequalled. So wonderful were his faculties in this respect, so keen his perceptions, that he could decipher the hieroglyphic marks upon an Indian train as readily as we can read a common book. He could accurately judge of the number of warriors in the party, trace their errand or expedition by the trail marks of their horses, and set the time within a few minutes that had elapsed since the braves had broken camp.

As the years glided on Carson thought more of the comforts of home than he did in his early years, and quietly forsaking his wandering life, he settled upon a fine ranch in New Mexico. But it was not for him to enjoy a quiet life long. By some strange accident an artery was ruptured in his neck, and he died May, 1868, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

While Indian Agent in New Mexico, Carson married an Indian woman, to whom he proved an attached and devoted husband. She died, leaving a daughter. Afterwards he married a lady of New Mexico. She is spoken of as a very respectable and worthy woman.

It will not be amiss in this biography to relate some striking incidents in brave Carson's life. The accounts are given by Fremont.

He speaks of two Mexicans coming into camp—a man named Andreas Fuentes and Pablo Hernandez a handsome lad of eleven years. They belonged to a party of six persons, the other four being the wife of Fuentes, the father and mother of Pablo, and Santiago Giacomo, a resident of New Mexico. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out from Peubla de los Angelos, near the coast, under the guidance of Giacomo, in advance of a great caravan, in order to travel at their leisure and to secure food forage for their animals. When, as they thought, at a proper distance, they camped down to await the coming of the train.

For a day or two several Indians, very friendly in behavior, hovered about the camp. Their deportment lulled all suspicions; but these disappearing, suddenly returned with hundreds of warriors and attacked the

travelers. Pablo and Fuentes chanced to be mounted and on horse-guard.

One object of the savage was to secure the horses, but, in obedience to the shouts of the guide, Fuentes drove the animals over and through the assailants in spite of their arrows, but the animals were afterwards captured. Knowing that they would be pursued, they drove on without any halt save to shift their saddles to fresh steeds. They had hoped to meet the caravan, but instead rode into our camp filled with terrible apprehension concerning the fate of their friends.

Carson and a man named Godey, of Fremont's party, immediately volunteered to return with them to deliver the captives if alive or avenge them if they were murdered. Fuentes did not go far with them, as his horse gave out but in the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard such as the Indians make when victorious, and soon Carson and Godey appeared driving in the band of horses.

They had gone on, and towards nightfall found the trail leading into the mountains. After sunset the moon came up with her light, and they kept the trail until it led into a narrow defile which was dangerous and difficult to follow. Here they tethered their horses and laid down to sleep, and at daylight resumed pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses, and immediately dismounting and tying up their own animals, they crept forward to a piece of rising ground, to reconnoitre. They had crept up close to the lodges when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. With a whoop the scouts charged into the camp, and were met with a flight of arrows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar.

So wild and unexpected was the charge, that the whole party of savages that made up the four lodges fled. Some of the best horses had been killed and the red robbers were preparing for a feast; a basket containing some fifty pairs of moccasins told of a large party expected in to the banquet.

Carson and Godey performing this daring exploit, which cannot be surpassed in the annals of border history, swooped up the stolen horses, and dashed away upon their return trail, having ridden a hundred miles in the pursuit, and coming back in thirty hours, besides resting from midnight until dawn on the defile trail. It is needless to add in this incident, perhaps, that all the members of Fuentes' and Pablo's party were found horribly butchered.

On another occasion a party of these red pirates had decoyed and murdered several of Fremont's party, and on the second day after the murder, Carson, riding ahead with ten men, suddenly came upon the murderers' village, containing not less than a hundred warriors. Fremont's orders were if they discovered Indians to send back and let him come up with his men; but Carson had advanced too far when he discovered the village to dare to retreat; he, therefore, made an instant charge with his small detachment, and after a short, sharp conflict put the whole to flight. In this attack the hero-guide came near losing his valuable life. An Indian turned and fixed his arrow for its deadly mission; Carson leveled his rifle, but it snapped, when, most happily, Fremont just then coming near and seeing the danger of his faithful companion, spurred his horse to a reckless leap, rode on to the Indian, and knocked him down.

"I owe my life," Carson said, relating the incident "to those two—the Colonel and Sacramento," referring to the favorite iron-grey horse of Fremont's.

Scores of these wild, truthful tales are told of Carson, making ample materials for the pen of the story-teller, and verifying the maxim that "Truth *is* stranger than fiction."

We have not taken up Carson's life to add another name to the list wherein are written those of the poet, the statesman, the orator, or divine; but who shall say that he and such as he do not deserve as high a niche in the temple of fame as any who stand there today?

The engineer holds a responsible position, but what could he do without the firemen and brakemen, and the machinist that repairs and makes the iron steed? The successful general merits his honors, but where were the battles won were it not for the privates, moving shoulder to shoulder as he commands?

In viewing gorgeous silk, we are apt to overlook the worm that makes it; so the rough and dauntless pioneer who with his ax levels the forest and clears up the wilderness for the tenderer race to occupy, is just as worthy as the refined creature that plants sweet flowers in the soil that he has broken up and brought into even surfaces.

So the sturdy, inspired souls who dare the dangers and meet the hardships of pioneer life, whether it be in the highway to civilization or moral reform, deserve our appreciation, veneration and honor. Their names should be written high up among earth's heroes—her great men—and where is the dissenting voice to say us nay?

Glad are we to know that Fremont's heart, faithful in friendship and grateful for Carson's inestimable services in their great explorations, has planted an endurable monument in the Great West that will not let the hero-scout and pioneer sink out of sight. A border lake and a frontier river bear Carson's name—a name thus stamped permanently, as it should be, in the grand geography of our beautiful country.

M. J. Cummings.

IN LOVE WITH HIS FATHER.

We have had occasion of late to watch the training of a lad who is in love, really in love with his father. Not that he admired him, simply, and respects and obeys him, but he is in love with him. And the boy is not ashamed to show a tender love for his father. And better still, the father is tender-hearted enough and "foolish" enough to return the lad's manifestations of his love. He is a city official, and tolerably well worn with the cares of life, but he walks the street hand in hand with his son. Words of affection, and looks of affection, are often exchanged between them. It takes but a moment in their company to detect that they love one another. Not a plan, not a hope, not a desire of that lad's life but is laid before that father for his counsel and his wisdom and his advice; and the son has no sources of pleasure of amusement. no habits, companionships, or views with which his father is not intimately acquainted, and in which he does not enter, sympathize and assist.

That the picture is a rare one, and perhaps not one to win the response of all parents is why we refer to it. To us it seems exceedingly advisable that parents and children should grow in love as they increase in years. The

coddling and fondling of infants may be, often is, excessive. The petting and spoiling by an over indulgence of personal attention is a prevalent weakness. But when the child opens into youth and into blushing maidenhood and glowing manhood—then we withdraw the special attentions and leave the hungering, thirsting young spirit to feed upon itself; drive it to thrust back and to keep down its rising springs of confiding affection, and teach it to be suspicious, silent and seclusive.

It is all a mistake. A child grows noble and strong who is allowed to be in constant sympathetic contact with his father and his mother. The father and the mother keep their strength and youth by living a second boyhood and girlhood with their children. Nothing hurts a boy more than to be pushed out of a tender and loving home circle at an early age. He must love somewhere; and the chances are that if he be not loved, and allowed to love at home, he will love not too wisely away from it. It is a natural thing for youth and age to love one another. Let us not oppose nature. Encourage rather than repress the manifestation of love in your homes. Win and deserve the confidence of your children. Do not have a child of yours go outside of your home sanctuary to speak to strangers about his dearest and most precious interests because he fears that indifference if not rejection will meet his desire to unbosom himself into the parental ear, and nestle himself in the paternal heart.

No possible influence from outside, not the Sunday school even, not the church, can take the place of a boy's own father, or of a girl's own mother, at the age when the boy and girl are approaching manhood and womanhood. Too often they are deserted of their parents at just this age. There are few sights more beautiful than to see parents standing by their children, in their growing years, in warm, tender, affection, accompanied and exhibited by outward manifestations of the same.

J. B.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

It will interest our readers to learn something about the manners and customs of the Heidelberg students They are divided into two classes; those who come for real study, remain in comparative obscurity, and those who do not work, the "corps students." These latter make all the life and gaiety of this otherwise quiet town. Study is to most of them a secondary consideration, and to some no consideration at all. There are five corps—named after the districts from which the members originally came: Westphalia, Rheinland, Swabia, etc., and each corps has its particular color, of which the students' caps are made. These caps are very pretty—black velvet embroidered in gold, blue with silver, green and silver, white velvet and black, and various others styles. The Heidelberg corps students are much condemned by foreigners, on account of their dueling propensities. One sees the students going about with patches and scars on their faces in all directions; two or three have the tips of their noses taken clean off. These wounds are the result of the duels, or more properly, fencing matches. They fence with fine, sharp swords, having the eyes and vital parts protected, so that no serious injury can ensue, though they do receive terrible cuts occasionally. The scars remain in

many instances for a lifetime; but the combatants bear them proudly, even if they are inflicted unnecessarily.

The duels are fought usually without provocation between students of different corps, though sometimes they are "affairs of honor."

The writer once witnessed a most melancholy and impressive sight—the funeral of a blue-cap student who was drowned in the Neckar a short time before. At nightfall, a long procession of all the students, in dress uniform, and each bearing a torch, wound slowly through the town. A band preceded them, playing a funeral march. Next followed the funeral car, a mass of black velvet and flowers, on which reposed the coffin, with the sword and cap, "useless forever now," crossed upon it. It was indeed a touching sight to see the faithful dog of the dead student following close behind the hearse, with an anxious, searching look in its intelligent eyes. The different corps came next, in their uniform of embroidered cap, black dress-coat, white buckskin knee-breeches, top-boots, gauntlets to the elbow, sashes of the corps colors over the shoulder, and a sword. Every banner was draped in crape, and each student wore a mourning badge. The effect of the long procession winding through the narrow streets, lighting brilliantly the sad old houses in the torchlight, was indescribably lovely. The tolling of church bells and booming of cannon continued till the services at the cemetery were concluded. Then the procession returned to a square in the town, formed in one great circle, and sang the grand college song, "Godeamus," after which, at a given signal, every torch was flung high into the air, and then left to smoulder and die out on the ground. The students then dispersed to their various assembly rooms, to drown their grief in copious draughts of beer.

They consume an enormous quantity of this delicate beverage—though it is a rare sight to see a student intoxicated. They are extremely gentlemanly and polished in manner, and faultless in dress, although they spend the best part of each night in a grand carouse. They meet different nights in the week for what is called in German, a "Kneipe." On these occasions it is customary to drink from ten to fifteen glasses of beer each; large beer-mugs quite full. They vary the evening's entertainment with singing, having usually a band of musicians present for accompaniment, smoking and card-playing. They have a variety of ways in which they drink toasts; for instance, when they desire to drink to the health of certain fair ones, "absent, but ever dear," the glasses are clinked together, and then thrown out of the windows, where they are smashed to atoms in the court below, to avoid desecration by future use.

Every corps has half-a-dozen or more dogs, which are common property—great, ugly brutes, but supposed to be very valuable animals. These quadrupeds are taught to drink beer at an early age, and are as inordinately fond of it as their masters.

The writer asked an old professor if the corps-students ever studied. He answered: "Oh, they have so much to do, fencing, dueling, and attending Kneipe, that there is really no time for study!"

He was a corps-student himself in his youth, and spoke from experience, and, no doubt, truthfully.

No student remains in a corps more than a year or two; then they go to the universities, and make up for lost time

by hard study, and become eventually brilliant men. They look back on the time spent in Heidelberg as a season of delightful, exciting idleness; and, in long years after, there is a green spot in their hearts for the happy days spent among their colleagues in the corps. To some, their system of beer-drinking, dueling, and idling would prove hurtful; but most of the finely-educated Germans were corps-students in their youth. Bismarck, for instance, bears still a scar received in dueling as they fight today.

M. A. C.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

THERE is nothing like keeping up appearances. The world, which never looks beyond the surface, is sure to esteem you according to the exterior you present, whether favorable or unfavorable. And since, as some writer has said, we are apt to think of ourselves what others think of us, it is important to the estimate we put upon ourselves that we present a comely exterior. When the public has decided that you are in the leastwise unworthy it is beyond the power of the few friends who cling to the belief that you are guiltless to revoke that decision. The adverse opinion of the world can demolish one more utterly than a volley of cannon balls so far as regards subsequent success in life; and it is its favorite verdict, determined by an outward show of merit, that has raised many of mediocre capacity to eminence. Since, then, one's internal worth is judged of by the exterior, how important that that exterior be always kept pure and undefiled! The world seldom reflects that some fruits which are most uninviting externally, are often the sweetest.

But there is another view to be taken of the subject. Besides being the means by which both public and personal esteem is promoted, it is often the cause of much misery to the human family. How often it is that fortune and friends, truth and honor, are sacrificed for the sake of keeping up with the times! It is no infrequent occurrence that families who were supposed to possess immense wealth have been brought to the lowest depths of poverty by their inordinate desire to make a show. If it is supposed to be an evidence of riches to dress extravagantly, to give brilliant entertainments to their friends, to load their tables with viands of such a variety and quality as would kill most persons, and to spend the summer months at the most fashionable watering-places, they do not scruple to expend the amount requisite to meet these demands.

Not Scylla or Charybdis could have been more dreaded by mariners or more difficult to avoid than the two evils which seem inevitable in the present state of society—bankruptcy and the appearance of poverty. Wives will exhaust their husbands' income, in order that they may dress as well as their neighbors, and husbands will expend their "bottom dollar" to appear as well as anyone else at the club. In their eagerness to avoid one extreme, they are apt to rush into the other.

But while you would avoid public censure, let it be remembered that there is One whose disapproval is more to be dreaded than that of the whole world. It is far better never to seem worthy, than to seem so without being so. If you are poor, or are guilty of anything for which you would blush have the independence to let the world know it.

R. V. R.

WISE PEOPLE.

Because a man has lived in the city all his days no one need imagine that he isn't posted in all that pertains to agriculture, and horticulture, botany, etc. Such a man is even better posted than he who makes it his business to sow and reap and prune. A gentleman living on Fourth West Street, recently employed a gardener to trim up a shade tree a little. The gardener had just commenced work when a lawyer passed by and remarked:

"Do you want to kill that tree? If you don't you had better let it alone for at least two years longer."

The gardener fixed his ladder and put the saw into a limb, and a doctor came along and said:

"You'll kill that tree stone dead if you cut a limb off! You ought to have pruned it three weeks ago."

The gardener had severed two or three limbs when a banker halted under the tree and exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Are you insane? You shouldn't touch that tree till June, when the sap is warm! Any fool could tell you better than to trim it now."

Pretty soon a clergyman sauntered up, saluted the tree trimmer with a pleasant "good morning," and added that it made his heart glad to see a man trimming trees in the right season.

The gardener was just finishing the job when an insurance man, who never lived a day outside of a city, except to take a vacation, came around the corner, halted, scowled fiercely, and said:

"See here! What kind of a gardener are you anyway? If you don't tie a rope around the body of that tree the sap will all run into the roots and the top will die!"

The tree is still in position to hear further remarks.

POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

An Embarrassing Detail.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well, old fellow, pretty rough sell on us, wasn't it?"

Tom Seymour was on his way to the office, the day after the benefit, when the Major accosted him. Seymour, absently pondering the occurrences of the night before, was in anything but a happy mood. He looked inquiringly at the Major.

"About the Dalrmyples. Of course you've heard? Son and daughter of old Dalrymple, the rich ship-broker, of New York; and Miss Duncan's father is David Duncan, the capitalist, one of the kings of Wall Street Got up this thing for a lark, while the old people were off to Europe, or something of the kind. Queer, isn't it, that none of us dropped on it before?"

"Very."

Seymour's head was in a whirl, and something gripped tightly at his heart. All the modest air-castles that he had been rearing for the past few weeks toppled down about his head, crushing him beneath their ruins. Hope and happiness took their leave of him in that moment. He looked about for some excuse to dodge down a side street, and shake off his companion; but the Major, who was extremely companionable himself, and who could not conceive how any man in his sober senses and not at work, could prefer to be alone, was not easily discouraged.

"And we mistook them for decayed gentility, ha, ha, ha! Not much decay about Dalrymple, the ship-broker, is there? There was a high time at the Cave last night when the murder came out. Seymour, you should have been there, instead of working like a horse

till two o'clock in the morning. Dalrymple and his sister didn't come back; registered at the Palace last night. Between you and me, I'm glad the young fellow didn't turn up, for upon my word I believe some of the boys might have lynched him. Gastonberry was furious. Swore like a pirate and hissed that he would have REVENGE! Come to find out, he once borrowed a twenty of Dalrymple, and actually paid it back. Fancy Gastonberry's paying back a loan! He is in an awful stew about it. It was at that time we all imagined they were hard up, you now."

"Yes, I know."

Seymour was thinking of the sacrifice he and his sister had made, of the absurd loan he had forced upon Dalrymple, and which the latter had repaid a month later. No doubt Dalrymple was laughing in his sleeve at him, all the while.

"There is one thing we are agreed upon, Seymour," the Major went on confidentially "The annual exhibition of the Art Association opens with a ball next week, as you know. They are sure to be there. Their friends the Morgans never miss it. It is the one occasion in the year when we meet these people on a level, and we mean to cut them dead—the Dalrymples. By George, it makes me savage to think how I worked and pulled the wires to get Dalrymple that commission from the Pioneers. All because I was sure they were in genuine straits for bread. They will come to the ball expecting to condescend to us. and we'll not see them at all. You'll join us in the scheme, eh, Seymour?"

"I shall not be at the ball," answered Seymour, stiffly. There is a man I want to see. Excuse me, Major. Good day!"

No man is his own master, who works for a daily paper. On the evening of the ball Seymour, who had been promoted to the post of assistant city editor, reported at the office, expecting to take the desk while the city editor went out for the evening.

"Ah, Seymour. Just step over to the rooms of the Art Association, and help the boys out with their account. Look sharp after the costumes, and run over all the copy before it comes to us. The boys we have sent over would handle a prize fight or a hanging in first-class style, but I'll give you my private opinion that there isn't a man among them can tell the difference between mosquito bar and point lace."

Seymour, one moment on the point of refusing this detail, felt a glow of savage exultation the next. Yes, he would make his appearance there, notebook in hand, among her gay friends. He, himself, would define the broad gulf that lay between them, and in such a manner that she should be forced to see it could never be bridged, even to serve the most ordinary demands of friendship.

This was a revenge, beside which the Major's scheme faded into insignificance.

A Woman's Way.

CHAPTER XXII.

Janet Duncan had passed a wretched and miserable week. She had heard nothing from Tom Seymour, and she understood only too well that he scorned and despised her for the part she had taken in the deception that had been practiced on him and his friends. On the day of the ball she had taken a sudden resolution, from which, womanlike, she had promised herself great satisfaction.

She would have that old engagement of hers to Cliffe Dalrymple no longer hanging over her like a funeral pall. Of course it would be very hard for Cliffe to have all his hopes destroyed in this way, but after a while she was sure he would get over the worst of his pain. Even if he should elect to always remain single for her sake, that would be better for him and for her, than a marriage with her, when her heart belonged to another man. She had taken advantage of a quiet hour immediately after luncheon, when Olive had gone out shopping with the Morgans, while she had remained at home on the plea that her head ached, which she made with perfect truth. She found Cliffe in the smoking-room puffing away at a cigar. He hastened to throw it away when she appeared in the doorway.

"No, no. Keep it, Cliffe. I have something very serious to say to you, and I would rather you went on smoking. It may help you to bear it better."

Dalrymple turned pale. The thought instantly occurred to him that possibly Janet was about to propose an immediate marriage, as the best protection from the storm that was awaiting them both at home. "Of— of course, Janet. Anything that you say. But don't be hasty dear. Think it over well. There is no hurry."

"Oh, yes, but there is a hurry, Cliffe. I want to get it off my mind."

This was positively indelicate. It occurred to Cliffe, and he clutched at the thought like a drowning man, that Vesta Mathieu would never have flung herself at a man's head in this fashion. But he was a man of his word, and a gentleman, and he could only look wistfully at Janet, and await his sentence.

"Oh, Cliffe, I am afraid you will think that I am an awful girl, but—I don't want to marry you."

"Thank heaven!"

"Sir?"

"Thank heaven that you have found out your mind in time."

"Cliffe Dalrymple, you are glad. How dare you laugh! Oh I never heard of anything so shameful in my life."

"But, Janet you were yourself saying only an instant ago——"

"No matter what I was saying. You were evidently very glad to hear it. Next, you will be telling me that there is somebody else, some other woman that you care for more——"

"There is."

The young man was so happy in his release that he could not comprehend the effect this announcement would have upon the young lady to whom he had so lately been betrothed.

"Cliffe Dalrymple, you are the most exasperating man I ever saw."

"Be reasonable, Janet. Surely you would not wish me to make myself miserable, to wear the willow, because you no longer care for me—in that way. You ought to be glad, Janet."

"You might have shown a little respect for me, and not been in such a disgraceful hurry. Oh, it makes no difference to me; not the least in the world. I can get along very well without—without anyone to care for me."

She swept from the room, in offended majesty, leaving Dalrymple in a state of hopeless bewilderment. Were the skies about to fall, that Janet should be ill-tempered, Janet should scold, Janet should be gloomy and despairing, and should run from the room to hide the tears in her eyes?

Flora Haines Loughead

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Little Folks.

THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 624.)

IN LESS than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees: there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply in the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"O, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear-hunt; last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it tonight"

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer-skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer-skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up

the ends of the reindeer-skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no onger numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did nôt feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day, at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. I remember that his warm, soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no further than my knees. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars' father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house; but I preferred to take my little bed-fellow and sled-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home,—although I was a man and he a young boy,—I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many

more, if I should know him better. We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man, perhaps with his own son growing up to take his place, and help some later stranger, like myself, through a winter storm. *Bayard Taylor.*

THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND ITS NEST.

THE sky king and his family are day-hunters. They are brighter and more active birds than the night-hunters, though they carry many of the same weapons. The short, thick, angry bill with a tearing hook on the end of it; feet ending in toes curved and sharper than thorns; wings long, strong, and tireless; eyes that can see a hare from the height of a cloud—these are the royal tools of the hunters of the air. They do not have the help of the darkness, when their prey is asleep.

The bird that adorns our coat-of-arms and our silver dollars is the white-headed or bald eagle. When he is sitting he appears in size and weight like a small hen-turkey; but when he launches into the air and spreads his wings he is a grand bird—three feet in length and four feet in breadth. His head is not really bald; it is covered with thick white feathers that give it the look of an old man's head. His feathers above are of a brownish-black color while his tail shows white.

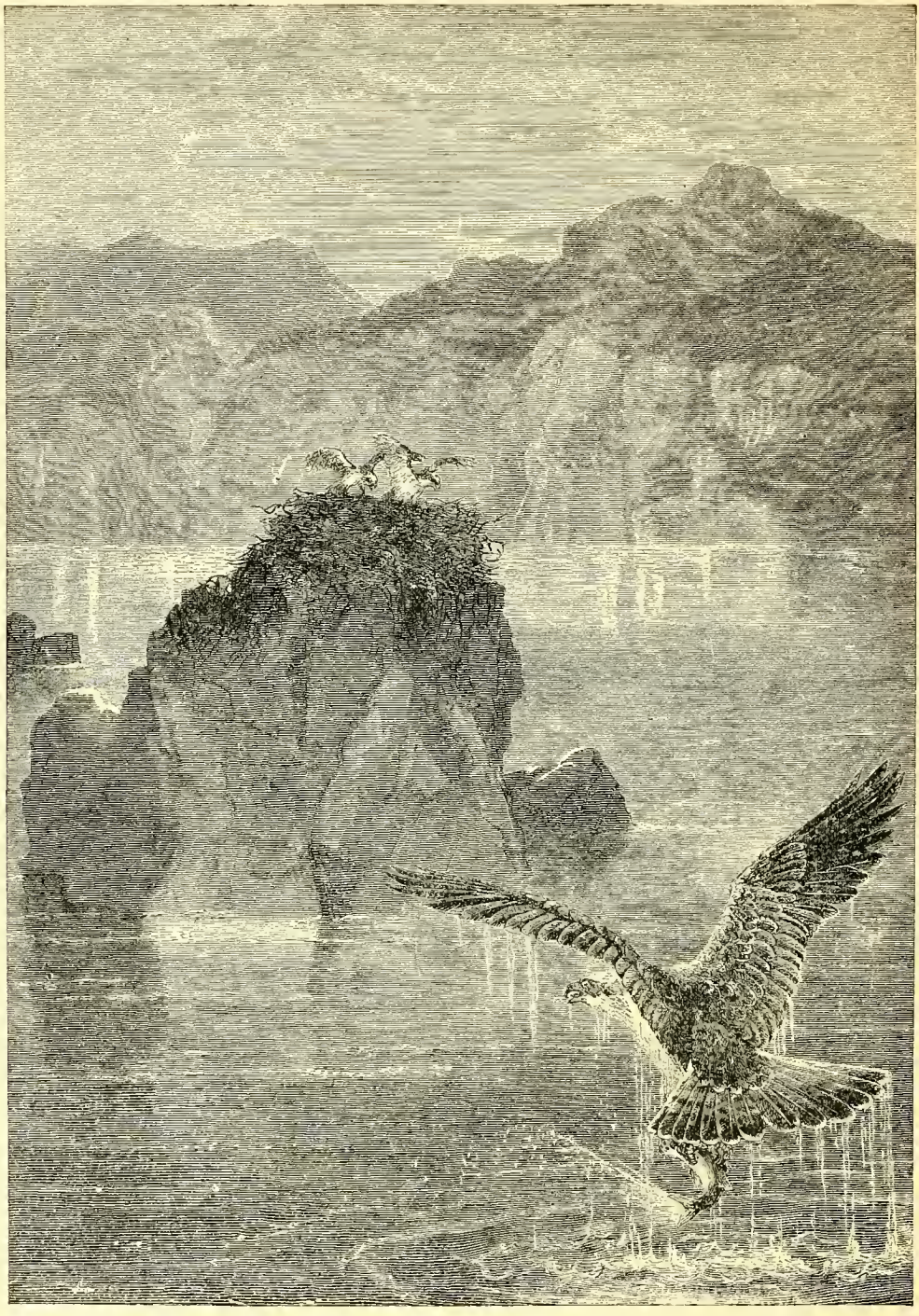
The bald-headed eagle loves fish, but he does not like to catch them. From some distant tree-top he watches the fish-hawk struggling with his slippery prey, and, when this weaker brother strikes off to some lonely spot to enjoy his well-earned meal, the eagle darts after him like a winged hyena. Swifter of wing and stronger of muscle, and having no load, he soon overtakes the hawk, and makes him drop the prey which he greedily appropriates for himself.

The golden eagle is a finer, larger bird. He is not often seen in America. Upon a high rock he builds his nest or eyrie. It is roughly laid up, and often measures five feet square. The eaglets never number more than four, and are hatched in thirty days. They are great eaters and to supply their ravenous appetites the old birds must work and rob in a lively way.

When this king of the sky is catching his own game, he sails about in graceful circles in the upper air until he sees a sitting hare. Gradually and slowly he descends, lower and lower, until he is seen by its victim. As it cannot outrun the eagle's flight, the cunning hunter winds around in constantly decreasing circles until, in an instant, he folds his wings and drops upon his poor, bewildered prey, and makes it fast in his sharp talons.

The eagle does not always catch his prey with his beak or his talons, but oftener kills it by the force of his powerful swoop—running his breast-bone against it like the keel of a ship. It has been said that his direct flight is at the rate of sixty miles an hour; but, whatever may be his speed, he cannot overtake the pigeon. Strange stories are told about his warlike encounters with the chamois in the Alps; his carrying away of kids and lambs; and of seizing little children in his cruel claws and bearing them aloft to his eyrie.

Most of the birds that hunt in the air by day belong to the class called falcons. The falcon is a reaping-hook, and the weapons of these birds are



THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND ITS NEST.

quite like reaping-hooks. All of them carry the same tearing beak, and all have the same hooked and piercing claws. They lay only from two to four eggs in the year, and it is well for our weaker friends in feathers that these highwaymen of the air do not increase more rapidly.

Eagles, buzzards, and hawks are all falcons, and are closely related. Of hawks, the smallest is the pigeon-hawks, not quite so large as the pigeon he tries to catch. About the same size, and of the same general appearance, but with bright yellow legs, is the sparrow-hawk. Still larger, with his dark-brown upper feathers and dusy white-splashed breast, is the chicken-hawk—the little rascal that darts around the bushes and picks away a chick just after we have finished scaring him away.

Then comes the duck-hawk, next larger than the chicken-hawk, finely feathered with dark plumes delicately edged with brown. Next in size is the red-tailed buzzard, or hen-hawk. He is equal to the capture of any member of the chicken-yard; has an appetite for quails and rabbits and prairie-chickens; and in the autumn lazily sits for an hour at a time upon a hay-stack, or a dead tree.

The fish-hawk is the largest of all. He is black and brown, with white feathers about his head, and is often mistaken for the eagle, for whom he performs unwilling toil. The kite is nearer the size of the chicken-hawk, blacker in feet and feather, slim and delicate in form, graceful and quick in action. He may be seen at times on the lower Mississippi River, getting a free ride on a dead mule, and eating the animal that carries him.

And now we come back to the falcon—the peregrine falcon—the hawk that was the shot-gun of the Middle Ages. He is such a trim, gamy-looking fellow that anyone who loves animals would like to make a pet of him. He is a brave bird, even daring to snatch from the sportsman the game he has killed. His life is long, and one is said to have been caught at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1797, which wore a golden collar with an inscription stating that in 1610 it belonged to James I., King of England.

The falcon was trained to catch other birds as long ago as Aristotle, three hundred years B. C. In the Middle Ages gentlemen and ladies nearly always appeared in public with falcons sitting on their wrists. Bishops and abbots carried them into church, leaving them near the altar during service. But the most beautiful exhibition of the falcon was the hunt, or "hawking," as it was called. Kings and noblemen were given to it.

Upon elegant horses, with attendants and dogs, they rode to the field. When the bird was seen flying, or was started or "flushed" by the dogs, the falcon was let fly. Then there was a chase in the air, and, in the case of large birds, a fight. When the falcon brought his game to the ground, and it proved to be a troublesome customer, the dogs at once lent a helping paw and tooth. Hawking was an exciting sport in those days, and is even nowadays practiced in Persia and India. *J. C. M.*

THE SWEET GARGLE.—A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said:—

"Oh, mamma! you ought to hear her gargle. She does it so sweetly."

KEEP TRYNG.

If boys should get discouraged
  At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
  And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
  'Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
  To carry out its plan.

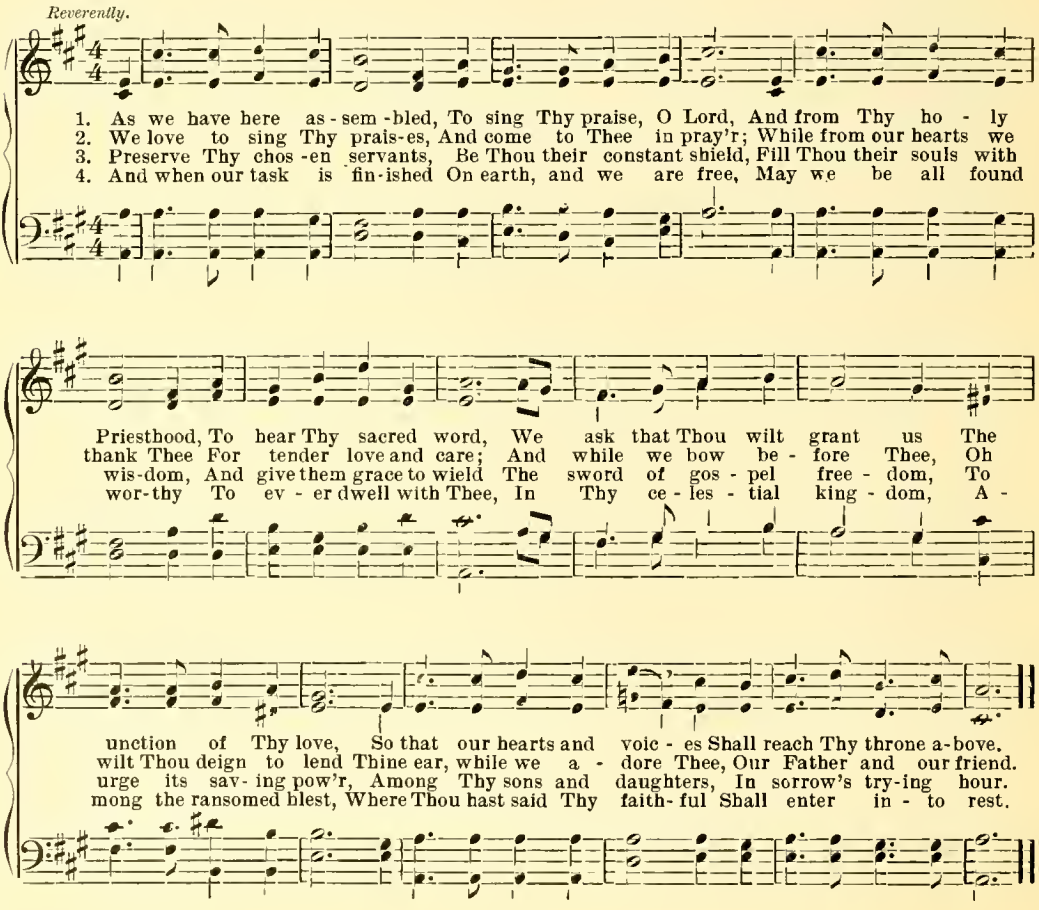
The coward in the conflict
  Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
  Lies shattered at his feet.

The brave heart wins the battle
  Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
  He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
  Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
  At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure;
  Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
  Have made the world's best men.

INVOCATION HYMN.

Words and Music by W. G. Bickley.


Reverently.
1. As we have here as-sem-bled, To sing Thy praise, O Lord, And from Thy ho - ly
2. We love to sing Thy prais-es, And come to Thee in pray'r; While from our hearts we
3. Preserve Thy chos-en servants, Be Thou their constant shield, Fill Thou their souls with
4. And when our task is fin-ished On earth, and we are free, May we be all found
Priesthood, To hear Thy sacred word, We ask that Thou wilt grant us The
thank Thee For tender love and care; And while we bow be - fore Thee, Oh
wis-dom, And give them grace to wield The sword of gos - pel free - dom, To
wor-thy To ev - er dwell with Thee, In Thy ce - les - tial king - dom, A -
unction of Thy love, So that our hearts and voic - es Shall reach Thy throne a-bove.
wilt Thou deign to lend Thine ear, while we a - dore Thee, Our Father and our friend.
urge its sav-ing pow'r, Among Thy sons and daughters, In sorrow's try-ing hour.
mong the ransomed blest, Where Thou hast said Thy faith-ful Shall enter in - to rest.

"The Foremost Baking Powder in all the World."

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

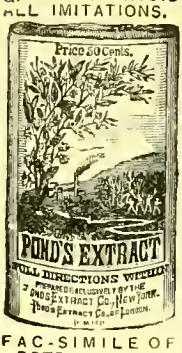
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

MAND POND'S EXTRACT. AVOID ALL IMITATIONS.


Price 50 Cents.
POND'S EXTRACT
ALL DIRECTIONS WITHIN
MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK.
POND'S EXTRACT CO. LTD. LONDON.

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

FOR
ALL PAIN
Rheumatism
Feminine
Complaints
Lameness
Soreness
Wounds
Bruises
Catarrh
Burns
Piles

USE
POND'S
EXTRACT
It will Cure.

FOR BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
DUE BILLS,
ORDERS, RECEIPTS,
DODGERS, PROGRAMS,
HAND BILLS,

And all Kinds of Commercial Printing,

SEND TO

Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Marry This Girl—Somebody!

MR. EDITOR:—

I stained a blue silk dress with lemon juice; what will restore the color? I am making lots of money selling the Climax Dish Washer. Have not made less than $10 any day I worked. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and pay $5 quickly when they see the dishes washed and dried perfectly in *one minute*. I generally sell at every house. It is easy selling what every family wants to buy. I sell as many washers as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear $3,000 this year. By addressing J. H. Nolen, 60 W. Third Ave., Columbus, Ohio, any one can get particulars about the Dish Washer, and can do as well as I am doing.

Talk about hard times; you can soon pay off a Mortgage, when making $10 a day, if you will *only work*; and why won't people try, when they have such good opportunities. MAGGIE R.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS

WRITE TO US FOR

Samples and Prices

—OF—

Tickets and Reward Cards.

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

CALDER'S MUSIC PALACE

SALT LAKE CITY - UTAH

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE FOLLOWING WORLD-RENOWNED INSTRUMENTS:

We handle none but First-Class Goods, and defy Competition —both in— QUALITY and PRICE.

SOLD ON EASY TERMS

Steinway & Sons
Kimball

PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin
Behr Brothers

Mason and Hamlin

ORGANS

Kimball

Special Inducements Offered to Sunday Schools and Churches.

Send for Catalogues.

GUITARS · MANDOLINS · BANJOS · VIOLINS

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

The Through Car Line

—TO—

All Points North, South, East and West.

The Only Line Operating

· DINING · CARS ·

≋AND≋

Through PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS

TO

Chicago and St. Louis Without Change.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 201 MAIN ST

D. E. BURLEY,

Gen'l Agent Passenger Dep't.

S. H. H. CLARK, Prest. & Gen. Mgr. E. DICKINSON, Asst. Gen. Mgr. E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.

HOME FIRE OF UTAH

PAID-UP CAPITAL,	$250,000.00
SURPLUS,	50,000.00
ASSETS,	340,000.00

OFFICERS: HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT, GEORGE ROMNEY, VICE-PRESIDENT, LEWIS S. HILLS, TREASURER, R. S. WELLS, SECRETARY.

DIRECTORS: HENRY DINWOODEY, GEORGE ROMNEY, THOS. G. WEBBER, P. T. FARNSWORTH, W. H. ROWE, JOHN R. BARNES, JOHN HENRY SMITH, ELIAS A. SMITH, DAVID ECCLES, JOSEPH F. SMITH, JOHN C. CUTLER, HEBER J. GRANT, CHAS. S. BURTON.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO. Agents,
60 Main Street.

BUTTERMILK

Toilet Soap



Makes the face and hands as soft as velvet; whitens the skin, has no equal for the

COMPLEXION.

Excells any 25 cent soap. Beware of Imitations.

Over 2,000,000 cakes sold first year.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

SEND 12c. for SAMPLE CAKE.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.,

84 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

1840-1892.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co.,

Successors to Utah Cracher Factory.

——[HENRY WALLACE, Manager]——

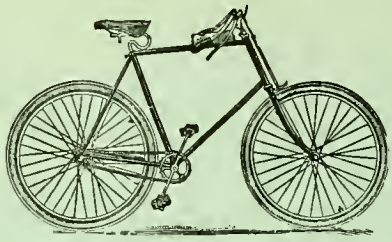
Manufacturers of the Celebrated

SILVER BRAND OF FINE CRACKERS.

27 E. 3rd South St., Salt Lake City.

16-28

HEADQUARTERS
FOR
Bicycles and General Sporting Goods

• Rambler  Bicycles •

BEST IN THE WORLD!

So determined by the World's Fair Judges.
Highest Honors at the World's Fair.
Nothing made to equal them.

Full Line of cheap and medium grade Wheels. Guns and Sporting Goods of every description. Come and see us. Catalogue Free to all.

BROWNING BROTHERS,

155 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah. *2461 Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah.*

DENVER & RIO GRANDE
RAILROAD.

Scenic Line of the World

The only line running TWO THROUGH FAST TRAINS DAILY to Leadville, Aspen, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.

EFFECTIVE APRIL 29, 1894.

Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a. m., Salt Lake 8:05 a. m.; arrives at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 7:51 a. m., Denver 10.30 a. m.
Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 7:20 p. m., Salt Lake 8:25 p. m. arrives at Pueblo 6:25 p. m., Colorado Springs 8:00 p. m., Denver 10:30 p. m.
Connections made at Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all lines east.
Elegant day coaches, chair cars and Pullman sleepers on all trains.
Take the D. & R. G. and have a comfortable trip and enjoy the finest scenery on the continent.

A. S. HUGHES, Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo
B. F. NEVINS, Gen. Agt., Salt Lake City.
S. K. HOOPER, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Col.

1840-1892.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

B. H. SCHETTLER
DOES A
General Banking Business,
PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS
—AND—
DESIRES YOUR ACCOUNTS.
DEE S AN MORTGAGES DRAWN UP.
60 S. East Temple St., SALT LAKE CITY.
5-29

Z. C. M. I.

It is well known that this famous Institution was originally organized for the importation of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE;

Growing continuously, it is now the most reliable place in Utah for the purchaser of

Dress and Dry Goods, Notions, Wraps and Garments,
Boots, Shoes and Clothing, Carpets, and Wall Paper,
Groceries, Stationery, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery,
Glass, Stoves, Ranges, Tools, Drugs, Etc.,

Whether the intent be to buy at WHOLESALE or RETAIL.

Main Street, SALT LAKE CITY. *T. G. WEBBER, Superintendent.*

Wilford Woodruff, Prs't. George M. Cannon, Cashier.

Zion's Savings Bank
AND TRUST COMPANY,

No. 1, 3 & 5 East Temple St., Salt Lake City,

Receives deposits in any sum; pays 5 per cent. interest; compounds quarterly.

We answer with pleasure any inquiry you may make for information either by letter or person.

15-29

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery, Carpets, Shoes, Etc.

Established 1864. – *One Price to All.*

—— F. AUERBACH & BRO.——

11-30

R. K. THOMAS

26, 28, 30, 32 E. First South Street,

SALT LAKE CITY

Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions, etc.

THE LEADING CASH HOUSE

R. K. THOMAS

The State Bank
OF UTAH,

CAPITAL, FULLY PAID $500.000.
SURPLUS FUND, - $50.000.

Cor. Main and South Temple Streets,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HEBER J. GRANT, President,
WM. B. PRESTON, Vice-President,
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Heber J. Grant. Wm. B. Preston,
Joseph F. Smith, Chas. S. Burton,
Abraham H. Cannon Philo T. Farnsworth,
Spencer Clawson Isaac Barton,
Heber M. Wells.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Careful Attention to Country Trade.

10-28

JOS. J. DAYNES *ESTABLISHED 1880,* *F. COALTER*

DAYNES & COALTER,

The Salt Lake Music Dealers.



PIANOS, ORGANS, GUITARS, BANJOS, MANDOLINS

Sheet Music and Books from 10 cts. up

CATALOGUES FREE

P. O. Box 1090. *66 Main St. Salt Lake City*